

Choice Miscellany.

WERE I THE SUN.

I'd always shine on holidays,
Were I the sun;
On sleep heads I'd never gaze,
But focus all my morning rays
On busy folks of bustling ways,
Were I the sun.

I would not melt a sledding snow,
Were I the sun;
Nor spoil ice where skaters are,
Nor help blossoms weeds to grow,
But I'd let onions on you know,
Were I the sun.

I'd warm the swimming pool just right,
Were I the sun;
On school days I would hide my light
The Fourth always give you bright,
Nor set so soon on Christmas night,
Were I the sun.

I would not need such paltry legs,
Were I the sun—
Such work as grown-up men employs;
But I'd run for boys,
In short, I'd run the sun.
—Amos R. Wells, in St. Nicholas

THE MODERN OYSTER STEW.

The Middle-Aged Man Contrasts It with the Stew of Before the War.

"When I was a boy, before the war," said a middle-aged man to a New York Sun reporter, "the price of an oyster stew in a good ordinary restaurant was twelve and a half cents. The price has gradually gone up until now in a good restaurant an ordinary stew costs a quarter. In the old restaurant there was a cloth upon the table, but this cloth, unless you happened to find it when it had just been put on, was apt to be frescoed with coffee stains. There were catsup and vinegar and so on, some of them perhaps in bottles in a casserole. Perhaps the waiter gave you a pickle or two. The light was not very bright. The waiter brought the stew in an oyster plate, and as the hot broth washed about a little in the plate, as he carried it and set it down, you were afraid it might burn his thumb. But the oysters were good. Let me pause to remark that the oyster is something to be grateful for.

"To-day at the table, without a cloth, perhaps, is of cherry or mahogany, finely polished. For a cloth there is spread before you a napkin of ample dimensions and bright and fresh. The pickle is chopped up celery, and very good. You get two kinds of crackers and plenty of them, and a generous portion of French bread. The butter comes in a slightly little cone. The table furniture is all good—dishes, glass, everything; the spread before you is agreeable to the eye, and the whole scene is brilliantly lighted with the modern incandescent electric lamps. The stew comes in an oval dish that rests upon a plate; I don't like to eat out of such a dish so well as I do out of a plate, but you know, at least, there's no danger of burning the waiter's thumb. The oysters are good, the whole arrangement is away beyond the stew of before the war. It costs more, but are we not better able to pay for it? For general get up and get, and dash and style, and comfort, the old stew couldn't begin to compare with it. The modern oyster stew is one of many things that we do an everlasting sight better than we did."

MOUNTAINS ON FIRE.

Picturesque Scene at the Village of Cran-sac, in France.

A communication from Aveyron, France, says: "The village of Cran-sac is surrounded by burning mountains. The Montet, which, according to local chroniclers, has been on fire for more than a century, has now the aspect of a veritable volcano. From its crater-like summit an intense volume of smoke rises during the day, while at night a multitude of vari-colored flames furnish the glorious spectacle of a mountain on fire. Actuated doubtless by the strong winds of the last few weeks, the fiery element, which had been consuming the entire Montet mountain proper, has spread to the range, and has assumed proportions which are very grave. During very dark nights the blaze illuminates the horizon as that of a great conflagration. At times blue white flames shoot up to a considerable height, giving the effect of lightning during a storm. A curious fact about the burning Montet is that whenever a period of very cold temperature ensues, the mountain fire seems to grow in intensity. All efforts to extinguish the blaze, or even to retard its progress, have been in vain. All that has been done to smother or quench the fire appeared to but increase the fury of the devouring element. Its progress is increasing, and the blaze never was as fierce as it is now." We add that this fire is the sequel to a conflagration that broke out in the coal mines of Fontaines and Montet many decades ago. Joanne mentions the burning mountain in his "Geographical Dictionary of France, 1841," as having been on fire a long time.

TRAVELING LIFE MONOTONOUS.

Wrong Idea About Experience of Sales-men Always on the Go.

People who do not travel are in the habit of speaking of the lives of traveling men as full of pleasurable excitement. The traveling men say that it is almost unbearable monotony, says the Atlanta Constitution.

"I travel the entire south, from Washington to Texas," said a traveling man to me the other day, "and am constantly on the rail, and the monotony of it is making me grow old before my time. I have a pretty large territory, but would you believe it if I told you that I can wake up at any hour of the night, no matter where I am, pull back the curtains of the sleeper, and tell what place the train is approaching? I know the country so well. The dreary monotony robs it of novelty or interest. I have been over the ground so often that I believe I know every forest, every cotton patch and every crossroad on the entire circuit. The only compensation that a traveling man has in a social way is in the fact that he meets people in every city that he visits and whenever he goes he finds friends. But he is off and away before he has time to enjoy their society. No, it's big mistake the traveling man's life is frighteningly lonely and monotonous."

The "Regulator."

A London omnibus-driver is reported as a punster by the Telegraph of that city.

A gentleman who occupied a front garden seat on a bus was complaining of the small-like pace. "Anything wrong with the horses?" he inquired of the driver.

"Bless me, no," was the reply. "It's their fast journey."

Not satisfied, the complainant again protested against the conveyance being

turned into a funeral car, and asked with some irony whether it was a "funerary."

"No, not exactly, sir," was the answer, "but it's known as the 'regulator.'"

Asked to explain his meaning, the imperturbable occupant of the box reported:

"Why, 'cause it's the 'bus all the others' go by."

SUBDUED BY REVERENCE.

Jack Tar's Roughness Never Manifested Toward Religion.

It is not the sea that makes a sailor a vulgar animal, but the vices he takes in it. The life of the sea is bitter and hard, but it is not so bitterly hard as of itself to vulgarize a man. "The spirit of the Creator is never so close to one as at sea," says Mr. W. Clark Russell, the writer of sea romances, and he tells this anecdote to illustrate how a rough seaman may be subdued by a feeling of reverence:

A sailor, a rough, hectoring, swearing fellow, asked one of the ship boys to lend him his Bible. "I'm afraid you will make fun of it," answered the boy. "No, no, my lad," quickly replied the sailor, "I don't ridicule God Almighty." The sailor, in common with many landmen, has a schoolboy fear of derision. He cannot endure being laughed at, and therefore hides even the crude religious feeling which may be in him. When, however, he stands by his oars, and shows that a man may be a good sailor and a good Christian, he is not likely to encounter derision from his shipmates.

"I remember being a shipmate," writes Mr. Russell, "with a fine, intellectual sailor, a man with as refined a face and as gentle and expressive an eye as ever I met, who during the voyage made a practice in one of the dog-watches in fine weather to read the Bible in the forecastle to such as chose to listen to him. He could get no hearers for a good while, but I do not know that the roughest, most unfeeling fellow in the ship ever ventured to whisper so much as a jest at the man's struggle to be of service to his fellows."

"He was universally known as a smart and a sure hand, an excellent seaman in all senses, quiet, gentle, unobtrusive, with a hearty laugh, a man that a shipmate would go to in the hour of trouble, of sympathy and of such help as the poor fellow's slender resources admitted."

THE LOST SHEEP.

A Living Picture of the Beautiful Biblical Parable.

The traveler in Palestine sees not infrequently a parable of the Gospels acted out before him. One of these living pictures passed before Frances Cobbe, as she was riding through the blighted flats of the Dead sea. In her "Life, by Herself," she describes the beautiful sight and the impression made.

While riding alone, a few hundred yards ahead of the caravan, she met a man, the only one she had seen since passing a few black tents eight or ten miles away. He was a noble-looking young shepherd, dressed in the camel's hair robe, and with the powerful limb, and elastic step of the children of the desert.

Round his neck, and with its little limbs held gently by his hand, lay a lamb he had rescued and was carrying home. The little creature lay as if perfectly contented and happy, and the man looked pleased as he strode along lightly with his burden. As Miss Cobbe saluted him with the usual gesture of pointing to heart and head and the "Salaam alik!" (Peace with you!) he responded with a smile and a kindly glance at the lamb, to which he saw her eyes were directed.

"It was actually," writes the delighted witness, "the beautiful parable of the Gospel acted out before my sight. Every particular was true to the story; the shepherd had doubtless left his 'ninetynine' in the wilderness, round the black tents we had seen so far away, and had sought for the lost lamb 'till he found it,' where it must quickly have perished without his help. Literally, too, 'when he had found it, he laid it on his shoulders, rejoicing.'

THE NEGRO VOICE.

It is Not Adapted to the Singing of White Men's Music.

Owing to personal idiosyncrasies the vocal apparatus of the negro differs from that of the white man. The arch of the roof of the mouth, the nasal sounding board of the colored man, has another conformation. If a true colored man were to paint his face like a white man's and sing an English, Italian or German aria it is his voice which would at once give him away, says an exchange. The imitative faculty is, however, very strong in the negro so he cannot help himself in following the white man's music and the white man's words. The true, pure African song is probably the "Juba."

One of the interesting features of the late czar's funeral was, as usual, the two men clad in medieval armor, one on horseback and the other on foot.

The mounted knight had his visor open and his armor was of burnished gold, which glittered in the sun. He symbolized life.

The other was on foot; his armor was coal-black steel; his visor was closed, and in his hand he bore a drawn two-handed sword, the blade of which was shrouded in grape. He symbolized death.

The weight of these two suits of armor is so great that notwithstanding the most gigantic men of the imperial guard were selected to don them, the one on foot who officiated at the obsequies of Emperor Nicholas I. fell dead from exhaustion on reaching the church of SS. Peter and Paul, where the imperial mausoleum is situated; while at the funeral of Alexander II. the black knight fainted during the march from the winter palace to the place of interment and was carried to the hospital, where he died the same night.

A similar fate overtook the black knight at the recent czar's funeral. It was observed that he could scarcely drag himself along during the latter part of the procession through the capital, and on reaching the fortress he sank unconscious to the ground and has since died.

BRAIN WORK AND VITALITY.

Mental Exercise Is Said to Be Conductive to Longevity.

As a factor in longevity the London Speaker calls attention to the fact that those people who have been accustomed to the continued disciplinary use of their brains daily and who have placed their nerve power under a highly-developed constitutional training are en-

WHY?

QUESTIONS WOMEN ASK

Here Answered with Good Sound Reason.

[SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.]

Why do people say that Lydia E. Pinkham's treatment, especially her Vegetable Compound, effects cures beyond the physician's skill?

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Woman's Department.

TO THE WOMAN WHO DOES HER OWN WORK.

Pots and kettles and dishes and pans are stacked in heaps on shelves and jambas awaiting the care of nimble hands.

If the water is hot and the dishcloths white, the firewood dry and the kitchen bright, the work is cheery, and the labor light.

A thumb owned by the queen-conqueror of Siam is shaped like a lotus bud, this being the royal flower of that country, and almost everything about the court bearing, in a greater or less degree, some impress of the lotus. This thimble is of gold, thickly studded with diamonds that are so arranged as to form the lady's name and the date of her marriage. It was a bridal gift from the king, who, having seen the English and American ladies at his court using thimbles, took this method of introducing them among his own people.

In Naples, very pretty thimbles, composed of lava from Mount Vesuvius, are occasionally sold, but rather as curiosities than for real utility, being from the extreme brittleness of the lava, very easily broken. I have heard also, of thimbles made of asphaltum from the Dead Sea, and of one composed of a fragment of the old elm tree at Cambridge, Mass., under which General Washington stood when taking command of the United States army, in July, 1775; but I do not suppose that any of these were ever intended to be used in sewing.

In the ordinary manufacture of gold and silver thimbles, thin plates of the metal are introduced into the die and then punched into shape. But in Paris the French have a way of their own, quite different from ours, for making gold thimbles that are said to be much more durable than those made in the usual way. Pieces of very thin sheet-iron are cut into disks of about two inches in diameter. These, after being heated to redness, are struck by means of a punch into a succession of holes of a gradually increasing depth to give the proper shape. The thimble is then trimmed, polished, and indented around its outer surface with tiny holes. It is next converted into steel by a process called cementation, then tempered, scoured and brought to a blue color.

After all this is completed a thin sheet of gold is introduced into the interior and fastened to the steel by a mandrel, while gold leaf is attached firmly by pressure to the outside, the edges being seamed in a small groove made to receive them.

This completes the thimble that will last for years. The steel used in its construction will scarcely wear out in a long lifetime, and the gold, if worn away, is easily replaced.

and far prettier than those made entirely of gold. Usually there is a pearl sheath for the scissors, and a dainty needle-book of pearl, edged with gold, to accompany the thimble, and the whole is inclosed in an exquisite little pocket case shaped like a book and bound in satin and pearl.

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HOUSEWORK A SCIENCE.

One of our bright woman editors writes: When a friend of mine married, she said to me: "I will never putter along in the way the average American housekeeper does. I will reduce my housekeeping to a science, and that will leave me time to keep up my music, read, and keep step with my husband, and study to keep ahead of my children. I will not let wrinkles grow in my face, nor will I allow my hands to get blowy and red. The great trouble is, women are not particular enough about themselves, and they do not do things in an orderly way, and then they worry."

Well, I have never found out how my friend got along. Sometimes I have wondered if the fair face was still as fair, and the hope to accomplish much still as bright as on her wedding day.

She was high-spirited, and loved to be independent, but got to thinking too highly of herself. She loved to curl her pretty hair and act out city ways; so Grandma told her she thought she was Mrs. Hiers herself, instead of Mrs. Hiers' servant girl. She put on airs so terribly her father was ashamed of her, and often reproved his motherless girl. But this did no good; she began to make fun of her grandma. And now little Mabelle stood in great danger. And the boy had rather the advantage of her, as he had a mother who humored all his whims, and she had great power over the father of Mabelle. Oh, poor girl! She was fast drifting into the quicksands, which have drawn so many into the overwhelming vortex of sin. What can save her now? Will she set for herself and escape for her life? Let us hope so. Let her take warning from others who have been misguided, for her dead mother's sake.

Yes, she will see. She is beginning to think. She has changed her attitude to her grandma, who so kindly cared for her and her little sister in their tender, helpless age. And now grandma needs little attention; and when her heart was ready to break, because of the ingratitude she was receiving from her oldest son and wife, and sick besides it was little Mabelle who kindly built the fire, and brought good things to poor old grandma. God will bless her for this, we all know, and make her a good girl, and when she returns to the city she will beware of low ways, and be respectable here.

Helen Ray need not think there are no good folks in the country, for methinks there they are almost always sure to be found; and the great danger to young girls lies in the befooled city matrons. If we are more careful of the inward adornment of the heart, and our ornament may be found in a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price." Mrs. D. W. WALKER.

North Bradford.

THE ORIGIN OF THE THIMBLE.

The thimble is a Dutch invention that was first brought to England in 1695, by John Lofting, who began its manufacture at Islington, near London, gaining thereby both honor and profit. Its name was derived from the words thumb and bell, being for a long time called thumbell, and only lately thimble. Old records say that thimbles were first worn on the thumbs; but we can scarcely conceive how they could be of much use there. Formerly, they were made of brass and iron only, but of late years steel, silver, gold, horn, ivory and even pearl and glass have all been used for making thimbles. I saw some very beautiful ones in China that were exquisitely carved, of pearl and bound with gold, and the end also of gold. These pearl thimbles are quite as costly

DR. PARKHURST ON FEMALE COLLEGE.

Let it once be settled that womanliness is the finest product that a female college can yield, with all that tendency wifeward and motherward which is the result, he receives a certain part of the wedding portion, a new high hat and a pair of boots. As long as the consultation between the two families, the spokesman has a good time. He is entitled to the best of food and drink, and if he successfully carries out the negotiations he is the first one to be invited to the wedding.

As soon as a couple are engaged, which must be done before the festival is over, the custom is for the beau to purchase some oranges and candy for his girl and she presents her intended with a pipe and a package of tobacco

—Troy Times.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Madeira Pudding.—Skin three nice tannans and cut into slices, add about one pint of milk and boil up. Dissolve two tablespooons of corn flour, or flour, in a little cold milk; and add to it hot; stir well and sweeten to taste. Squeeze in a few drops of lemon juice; when the mixture has thickened, remove it from the fire, allow it to cool, add two eggs well beaten. Pour into a pudding dish, scatter fine bread-crumbs over the top, with a few bits of butter, and bake till the custard is set. —Leeds Mercury.

—Stuffed Eggs.—Hard boil as many eggs as there are persons, peel and divide each egg exactly in two, across, clip a little piece off the end of each half, and after removing the yolks stand the halves in a dish, hollows up. Drain from its oil one sardine for every half yolk. Free from skin and bone, blend with the yolk by means of a silver fork; add pepper and salt to taste. Pile the mixture in the hollows, rounding it to the shape and size of the full yolk. These may be heated in the oven and dressed with melted butter or served cold.—N. Y. Ledger.

—Minute Pudding.—One pint of flour, a teaspoonful each of soda and salt, a scant quart of milk. Mix the soda and salt with the flour, turn the milk into a buttered spider, and the instant it boils up add all the flour at once. Toss it up quickly till the flour is well mixed, turn it into a buttered bowl, cover close, and let it stand a few minutes to shape. Turn out on a hot platter, and serve at once with wine or lemon sauce. This is an old-fashioned receipt, and has been used in my family for many years with great success.—Boston Budget.

—Young Folks' Column.

Dear Boys and Girls: I thought that I would write and help the boys all I could. I think that R. A. G. is just right. Girls as a rule, are inclined to feel superior to any one smaller than themselves; but are they kind when they meet anything? Jones, and often never look at you. I don't say all girls are so. There are exceptions to all rules.

In the summer time one girl will say to another: "Let us go out into the world." "Oh, no," says the other, "I might spoil my complexion." A girl that will stay in the house all summer for fear of spoiling her complexion, I don't think much of. Cherry remarked that she would rather wash clothes than dishes. I have washed dishes, and I don't see any hardship about it. Girls are always dissatisfied with their work, if they have any. "If you had to wash dishes you would know something about it," they say. I can't see why washing dishes is any harder than sweeping floors. Yet the way they think of washing dishes is the hardest of all housework. I would like to hear all the boys express their opinion. I am 14 years old; go to high school, and study algebra, Latin, Grecian and Roman history, and American literature. I think that the answer to Annie McGraw's conundrum is that it sinks. The answer to B. M. C.'s conundrum is the shortest day. I will close by sending a conundrum: What flower is like a woman's tongue? Gralba—add a letter and find CHESTER W. MARTIN.

—FARM CHEESE.

Simple Directions for Nice Home-Made Articles.

In Europe cheese forms a very important article of diet, but in this country it is greatly neglected, and on many farms its manufacture is never attempted. This neglect is chiefly due to a very general impression of the laboriousness of the work and the need of a special education therefor.

Of course this is true of many varieties of cheese, but there are other kinds which are easily made. The following is a simple recipe for nice, small cheese suitable for home use:

Strain the evening's milk into a deep can, which should be placed in cold water. This will prevent the development of bacteria and check the rising of the cream. The milk should be well stirred before retiring. In the morning the cream and a portion of the milk should be heated (not above one hundred and twenty degrees), and then added to the remainder of the evening's milk, which has been stirred into the morning. When all have been mixed the temperature should be from eight to eighteen degrees.

The coloring matter, diluted with water, should then be stirred in before the rennet is added. Rather less than an ounce of the latter is needed for every hundred pounds of milk. The vessel should then be covered and left for half an hour, after which time it should be closely watched, and as soon as the curd breaker or splits in passing a finger through it, it should be cut with a long-bladed knife into inch squares. This opens the pores of the curd and allows the escape of the whey. The cutting must be done carefully, so as to keep the whey clear. Some of the latter should be dipped off and water heated to one hundred and forty degrees and poured on to the curd, so as to raise the mass to about ninety-six degrees. The vessel is kept covered, so as to retain the heat.

After half an hour the curd will be tough enough to lift without breaking. The whey must then be drawn as quickly as possible. The curd is torn into pieces with the hands and the whey carefully pressed out, so that the fat may not escape. When it is fine enough good dairy salt should be added at the rate of about four ounces to every hundred pounds of milk. During the salting and the subsequent cooling the curd must be kept from matting by constant stirring. A sewed bandage should be placed in the hoop and the curd pressed firmly. When the cheese has settled in the hoop it is turned out in the cloth, placed on a shelf and turned every day during the first month and twice a week afterwards. To prevent cracking it should occasionally be rubbed with butter. The curing will require two or three months in a temperature from 60 to 65 degrees.—N. Y. World.

—ALPHABET OF MAXIMS.

Attend carefully to details of your business.

Be prompt in all things.

Consider well, then decide positively.

Do not do right, fear to do wrong.

Endure trials patiently.

Fight life's battles bravely, manfully.

Go not into the society of the vicious.

Hold integrity sacred.

Injure not another's reputation or business.

Join hands only with the virtuous.

Keep your mind from evil thoughts.

Lie not for any consideration.

Make few acquaintances.

Never try to appear what you are not.

Observe good manners.

Pay your debts promptly.

Question not the veracity of a friend.

Respect the counsel of your parents.

Sacrifice money rather than principle.

Touch not, taste not, handle not in intoxicating drinks.

Use your leisure time for improvement.

Venture not upon the threshold of wrong.

Watch carefully over your passions.

Xtend to every one a kindly salutation.

Yield not to discouragement.

Zealously labor for the right:—

And success is certain.—Baron Rothschild.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for the return of our lost property.

Commissioners appointed to inquire into the claims of credit of Oliver Bonham, Esq., deceased, represent from the 1st day of May, 1895, are allowed to present and prove for them what they will, and to claim and settle with the court in the afternoon at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, on May 25th, June 28th, and

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Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

Published every Thursday, by
Badger & Manley,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1895.

TERMS.

\$1.50 IN ADVANCE; OR \$2.00 IF NOT PAID
WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF
SUBSCRIPTION.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

For one inch space, \$2.50 for three inser-
tions and seventy-two cents for each subse-
quent insertion.

COLLECTORS' NOTICES.

Mr. S. A. Vey, our Agent, will call upon
our subscribers in Waldo county during May
and June.If interested in barn arrangements,
don't fail to read the article in this issue
on "Construction of Barns." It was
prepared by one who has given diligent
attention to the matter.John L. Best, for thirty years has
carried on a large beef business in Port-
land and through the State, has sold out
to Hammond Brothers of Chicago. This
will be the entire beef business of Portland
under the control of the "Big Four."The most important measure passed
by the Wisconsin legislature, just ad-
journed, was one prohibiting the adul-
teration of dairy products, a practice
which has become too common for this
grass fed State.Prof. Munson of the State College is so
profound a student of the subjects com-
pounding under his consideration, that we re-
produce, on the first page, his essay on
tomatoes, recently given before the Massa-
chusetts Horticultural Society.Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) is
soon coming to this country on a lecture
tour around the world. He has recently
lost his entire fortune by unfortunate in-
vestments, and has entered a contract
for this trip as a means of livelihood.When beef is high the people flee to
eggs and fish for relief. By doing this
they easily get along without meat.
During the recent rise the retailers ap-
peared to be the chief sufferers, as, after
paying higher prices, they found they
had a smaller demand to supply.Even to those who are close observers
of the development of electric railways,
it must be somewhat of a surprise to
learn that there are over \$50 electric rail-
ways in the United States, operating over
9000 miles of track and 23,000 cars,
and representing a capital investment of
over \$400,000,000.At a banquet of ministers in Chicago,
recently, the editor of a church paper
said that he had thoroughly investigated
in all the churches, and found that the
average cost of saving a soul was \$443.
We notice that a certain Methodist clergy-
man has been preaching at an average
salary of \$40 per year. He must get
awfully discouraged before effectively
reaching his first soul.Murders have been alarmingly fre-
quent in Maine the past three years, and
people have been asking the question if
we do not need more stringent laws in
dealing with murderers. "Gentlemen,"
said a well known criminal lawyer in
summing up a murder case, "I was in
London last summer. I found that they
had very few murders there. It was be-
cause they always hanged a murderer on
the third Monday after his conviction."Prof. Alvah T. Jordan, who was gradu-
ated from the Maine State College in
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with an address by Rev. A. Kyneff,
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Besides being a beautiful specimen of
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late the publisher and editor, Mr. George
H. Gilman, on this achievement.

MAINE METHODIST CONFERENCE.

This Conference opened its session at
Saco, on Thursday, with an unusually
large attendance. Saco is memorable for
being the place where the first Metho-
dist sermon was preached in Maine.
Bishop Thomas Bowman, D. D., LL. D.,
presides over the Conference.The forenoon session was largely de-
voted to a discussion of the higher criti-
cism and the views of Professor Charles
A. Briggs, with special reference to the
attitude of the *Zion's Herald* on these
questions. After the organization had
been completed, Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, the
editor of the *Zion's Herald*, was pres-
ent and spoke of the relations of the
Conference to the paper. Dr. Parkhurst
told in an amusing way of some of the
inexplicable perplexities of the editor of
a religious paper. In the course of
these remarks, he said: "It has been said
that I am too liberal, too progressive."

A member—"That's true."

Dr. Parkhurst, with considerable elo-
quence, denied that he had expressed
views which were not in harmony with
Methodist doctrine.Then Rev. Charles Munger arose and
asked if he might put a question. He
wanted to know whether Dr. Parkhurst
regarded Dr. Briggs as an authority on
the higher criticism.Dr. Parkhurst spoke in praise of Dr.
Briggs' motives and said that he was a
man of intellectual eccentricity, who
might begin all right and then fly off on
a tangent. But that was no reason why
his writings should be ignored.Dr. Munger wanted an explanation of
what Dr. Briggs meant when he said
that modern thought was destroying the
traditional theology.Dr. Parkhurst did not believe that Dr.
Briggs meant this in the sense in which
it had been interpreted. He was not re-
sponsible for the views of Dr. Briggs.Mr. Munger: "Did Dr. Briggs under-
stand what he meant when he said that
Jesus Christ did not know whether
Moses wrote the Pentateuch?"Dr. Parkhurst: "I cannot answer for
Dr. Briggs."By the applause, the sympathy of the
members was plainly with Dr. Parkhurst.Rev. W. F. Berry was elected Secre-
tary. Rev. G. C. Andrews was made
Historical Secretary, and Rev. T. F.
Jones was chosen Statistical Secretary,
and Rev. Sylvester Hooper was chosen
Treasurer.The afternoon was devoted to the
Sunday school anniversary, with addresses
by Rev. F. C. Rogers of Portland and
Rev. C. S. Cummings of Augusta. Mr.
Rogers made an earnest plea for the
increased attention to the children, argu-
ing that if they were early taught the
truth of the Christian religion it would
not be necessary to convert them later in
life. Mr. Rogers believes that 10 or 20
years from now churches will be built
with many small rooms, also that the
Sunday schools may be graded and the
classes given separate meeting places,
thus doing away with the babel of young
voices which now mark the Sunday
school, where many are studying in one
room. Mr. Rogers does not believe in a
too profuse use of prizes as an incentive
to Sunday school attendance. In a high
pressure church, with a sensational pul-
pit and an extravagant choir, the Super-
intendent says it costs a considerable
sum in candy and presents to keep the
pupils long enough to swell the totals of
the annual reports. Mr. Rogers thinks
that the Christmas tree and the picnic
have their legitimate uses, but they may
be abused. A boy receiving the right
religious training in early life will, Mr.
Rogers declares, become a man worth
40 of the best duds that ever cut their
throats with high collars and drew nour-
ishment from the heads of their canes.On Friday the Secretary read the
report of the committee appointed at the
last conference to consider the question
of redistricting the conference, so as to
reduce the number of presiding elders
from three to two. The report showed
that of the church boards voting on the
matter, 43 favored and 40 opposed a change.
The report was accepted and the matter
finally referred to the presiding
bishop.Rev. John B. Lapham, presiding elder
of the Augusta district, reported 600
conversions during the year.For the Lewiston district, Rev. J. A.
Corey, presiding elder, reported. Refer-
ence was made to the rebuilding and ex-
tensive repairs of several church build-
ings.Rev. G. R. Palmer, presiding elder of
the Portland district, reported that three
Portland churches have received 150
members on probation, and 40 persons
in full membership during the year.Saturday's business session was de-
voted to the reception of delegates, the
admission of young clergymen in their
studies, and general business. Ad-
dressess were given by Rev. S. S. Cum-
mings of the Boston Home for Little
Wanderers, Rev. Dr. Freeman, Secretary
of the Sunday School Union and Tract
Society, Dr. Breckinridge of the Method-
ist Hospital, Brooklyn, and Rev. Mr.
Wilson of the Maine Bible Society. A
message of greeting from the Maine
League of Good Templars was referred to
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late the publisher and editor, Mr. George
H. Gilman, on this achievement.An interesting programme was carried
out Sunday. The love feast was con-
ducted by Rev. C. Coke of Gorham, and
Bishop Bowman preached a sermon
full of advice to young pastors. The
ordination of deacons followed. In the
afternoon Rev. Dr. C. H. Payne of New
York preached. In the evening, in the
City Hall, 1400 attended the Epworth
League anniversary. Rev. A. A. Lewis
of Saco presided, and Rev. Matt S.
Hughes of Portland lectured on "The
Ultimate Religion." An overflow meet-
ing was held in the Free Baptist church.Monday was the closing day of the
Conference. The superannuated clergymen
presented brief addresses. There
were 27 on the superannuated list. There
was only one death among these last
year.Rev. Dr. Charles F. Allen, Portland,
was transferred from active to super-
annuated relations. Rev. A. W. Pottle of
Westbrook, and Rev. H. A. Clifford of
Richmond, were transferred from active
to supernumeraries.These students passed in the third
year of their studies: Rev. Charles A.
Brooks, Livermore; Thomas M. Culey,
continued on trial, Revs. Charles E.
Jones, Sherman T. Westhafer, Bath;
Herbert L. Nichols, South Paris; received
into conference on trial, Revs. John A.
Ford, Dwight F. Faulkner, Rumford
Falls; William H. Varney, Andover;
Royal A. Rick, Locke's Mills; Frank W.
Saddler, South Auburn; Anderson Crane,
Ohio; James H. Bounds, South Water-
ford.A resolution was adopted advising pre-
siding elders to urge on candidates for
admission to the ministry the advisability
of taking a two years' training course
in the seminary at Kent's Hill.The afternoon was devoted to mission-
ary, anniversary and evangelistic ser-
vices. The following appointments were made
for the ensuing year, and the Conference
then adjourned finally.

Portland District.

Alfred G. Palmer of Saco, presiding elder;
Alfred T. N. Kelley, Berwick; W. P. Merrill,
Biddeford; P. E. Froehock, Bowdoin; S. A. Gilson,
Bath; George S. Kennebunk—To be supplied.Rev. Dr. John A. Ford, Gorham; S. C. Westhafer,
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South

Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

BY H. W. RUSSELL.

Twas spring! and fair and green the earth,
And bright the morning rays were shed;
Everywhere was life and mirth.

No spirit of death: 'twas bloom instead.
And the birds of song sweetly sang
In the meadow and in the wood,
And little children's voices rang
O'er the fields, in joyful mood.

Swift sped the time. The sun grew high,
Summer came, beautiful and fair;
And warmth was in the northern sky,
But no one heard the voices there;

For some had passed to middle life.
And lived to nature's teachings bright;
Some were embittered by hard strife,
And some had gone from mortal sight.

'Neath downward sun brown grew the grass,
And autumn leaves were old and torn;
Man went forth to glean, but alas!
By time was bent, by labor worn.

And the child of that bright spring day,
Who in those hours grew strong and fair,
Soon, like the rose in its decay,
Was pale and old, in the bleak air.

At Capricorn was the star of day,
Each polar way then grew more chilled;
And the unremiring time it was
That the sepulchre had filled.

In early life, the youthful fire
Spurs to emulate great works done;
Age grows a fond desire
For a land where life and light are one.

And when we know the end is near,
A strange uncertainty we share;
But why should we so shrink and fear?
'Tis nature's decree everywhere.

THE YOUNG FARMER.

He stopped at the close of the day,
When the sun sank beneath his feet
The golden gate was at his feet
And the evening cricket sang shrill.

He looked in the valley below,
Where the green meadow lay
All in the golden glow
Of the departing day.

He shouldered his scythe with a sigh
And made his way over the hill,
The sun had quite sank to rest
But the evening cricket sang still.

He followed the winding path
Till it led to a farm house down,
Still bright with the rays
Of the sun that had just sank down.

A woman stands in the door.
A woman with face sweet and fair;
He clasps her in his arms
And kisses her then and there.

Then he followed her into the house
Where a dainty supper is spread.
A dainty supper, I say,
Of apple sauce and bread.

This is the farmer's life,
Happy and wholesome and free;
Out in the open air,
This is the life for me.

—H. W. in Brunswick Telegraph.

Our Story Teller.

OLD BEN'S BARGAIN.

How Two Unfortunate Cattle Drivers Settled Their Differences.

The sun had just set, leaving a bright, luminous yellow behind it's opposite, in the pale, frosty blue, hung the clear silver moon, nearly at the full. The light of the dying sun and rising moon blended, and the whole landscape was steeped in a faint mellow light. There was not a shadow anywhere; the pure soft glow was over everything alike—purple of wet plow lands, brownish yellow of stubble fields, pale green of young wheat, faint purple and gray of distant down. The thick branches of the hawthorn in the hedge were outlined clear and sharp against the yellow glow in the west. The wind had gone down, and not a twig was stirring. A little bird was rustling in the hedge; and in the distance a thrush was singing clear and soft. Two or three rooks floated slowly overhead.

The long, dusty, white road seemed deserted for the time being, but after awhile there was a shuffling sound in the distance, and a man appeared driving two cows. He was a short, thin, wiry man, with a wooden leg. Everything about him expressed determination, from his steel-gray eyes which looked out steadily from under his heavy, grizzled eyebrows to his square chin that stuck out aggressively with an air of contradicting his thick, strong-bridged, rather overhanging nose. Even his wooden leg seemed to emphasize his resolution—it went down with such a firm rap. Suddenly, down from a cross-road came half a dozen young cattle at a quick trot, followed by a man. They settled into a quieter pace; and the two men walked along side by side, keeping, however, the width of the road between them. They neither of them took any notice of the other, and they marched along silently for some way, save for an occasional tempestuous snif or snort. The newcomer was a man about ten years younger than the first; he was taller, and of a milder expression. He was stout and red-faced, and carried himself with a faint lingering of a soldierly bearing. One sleeve was pinned across his breast.

These two men were the cattle-drivers of Shornstone parish, and were considered by its inhabitants to be peculiarly fitted for their office, owing to their respective misfortunes. Nervous old ladies and gentlemen, however, were not so sure of this sometimes, when they met them driving fierce bulls in narrow lanes. Each regarded the other as defrauding him of his rightful due, and they hated one another with a deadly hate in consequence.

"How set up some folks be, for sure, if they gets a few misable young calves to drive!" said the little fellow, suddenly, apparently addressing the hedge.

"Ah! And there's others as thinks they be gwine to make their fortunes if they gets a couple o' old cows only fit to go to kennel," said the other, to his side of the hedge.

They walked on in silence again for a space, though both seemed to bridle with wrath.

"Some folks may hev only one arm, but they're fingers enough to it put into other people's pockets and pick 'em of their honest rights," said the little man, resuming his conversation with the hedge.

"And if others only hav one leg, their 'oden uns can carry 'em along fast enough if they thinks they can get away with it," replied the other to his

side. It was noticeable that his remarks were always a weak echo of the other.

"I may hav only one leg, but I lost it honest, as you med say. Now, if I'd lost it fur gwine fur a shillen a day and cutten off other people's, I'd say it served me jolly well right! Fur a shillen a day!"

Henry Legge, as the stout man was called, could think of no return to this; he took off his hat, and pushed up his stiff, gray hair angrily; whereupon the little man changed his tactics.

"I have a-heard say as there be some as brags they've lost their arms in a battle, when twas only they fell under a cart when they was tight! Day o' loss I wouldn't come down so light now!"

"They say as you should take the bull by the horns."

"Ahi! and they must be pretty near simpletons to say it, too," replied Henry, contemptuously. "If any body wants a lark's journey, free o' cost, they'd better just try it, that's all I've got to say."

"Well, then, that's what they says. I don't answer for the sense on it," said the shepherd, departing.

A high east wind was blowing in great clouds of dust from the road across the garden, and showering the apple petals away to the blue sky like flakes of white butterflies—one morning about two months later there was snow round the cottages again—snow of apple-bloom. Mrs. Creeth's cottage was half-smothered in it; a tom-tit was flying about in it, pecking out the roller caterpillars, stopping every now and then to give his quick note, like the sharp ringing of a little bell, which changed to a harsh note of warning as Mrs. Creeth came out to her door and entered the next one. She went upstairs, and presently her cheerful tones were heard alternating with a husky, querulous voice. Presently she came downstairs again and moved round the room, which had an unusual look of tidiness, dusting a table or chair here and there with her apron. Her husband came by and stopped at the door. "Don't it look nice, Ben?" said she, looking up. "I allus did think I'd like to have a hand in cleanin' it, fur he've got nice furniture."

"Then let's shake hands on it."

There were the two old enemies shaking hands. Henry Mrs. Creeth, coming in at this moment with a basin of broth, stopped short, transfixed with astonishment. Ben turned round and saw her; he rose from his chair, and, extending his arms majestically over Henry: "Missis," he said, solemnly, "what have passed over betwixt that old man and me, let me tell it!"—Chambers' Journal.

I then suspected in this poor series of failures I called my life.

Then he died very suddenly and serenely, leaving me some unbelievable millions, and as no one but his solicitor knew that he had any money, so no one knew that I had any; and behold me forthwith in exactly the position of my childish heart's desire!

What joy! What wild, free rapture of plans, with occasional bursts of fancy which even I dismissed as quite untenable. For instance, I had no longer any faintest hope of marrying my Cousin Mary. She was quite taken up with another cousin, Fred by name, and would have married him long since, no doubt, had he been able to support a family. But he was proud, and would not marry until he could offer something to his wife. I knew that, for he had told me

hitched his chair nearer the bed in his excitement. "And I'll tell you what's this; we'd better take a bway between us. There be Joe Hill's bway, or my niece Emily's Tommy, I inclines to her fur you o't to stick by your own folks; and we can get him sixpence a week cheaper."

"Verry well," said Henry. He had a complace expression on his face, as though well pleased at the turn affairs had taken.

"But look here, though; stop a bit," said Ben. "I won't do more o' it, if you wun't take that there money!"

"Verry well, then," said Henry, condescendingly.

"Then let's shake hands on it."

There were the two old enemies shaking hands again. Mrs. Creeth, coming in at this moment with a basin of broth, stopped short, transfixed with astonishment. Ben turned round and saw her; he rose from his chair, and, extending his arms majestically over Henry: "Missis," he said, solemnly, "what have passed over betwixt that old man and me, let me tell it!"—Chambers' Journal.

MY COUSIN MARY.

It was my sad fortune, from earliest boyhood up, to be a failure in all ways. I was not so handsome as could have been expected in the son of my beautiful mother and the young father who died before I was born, and who was also beautiful, was I told. I was not brilliant, though both sides of the house showed men and women of excellent ability, and, worst of all, I was not good, though this puzzled me not a little as a child, for my intentions were that I'd pull myself, and got knocked down and injured myself, 'stead o' Harry, and killed, belike! It do funny, for sure! But, there; I must goo and make him some broth; he is too fancy to it, like!"

"Why's that?" asked Ben, grumpily. "Why, he means fur sure as you'll hev got all his custom by then."

"Ho!" interjected Ben, with a very cross expression.

"It do sum funny," continued Mrs. Creeth, "to think how you've a bin gwine on so many year about that pore old man comin' and takin' your work, he said; and to think now as he'd never done, you'd a hev to hev drove that pull yourself, and got knocked down and injured yourself, 'stead o' Harry, and killed, belike! It do funny, for sure! But, there; I must goo and make him some broth; he is too fancy to it, like!"

Ben walked slowly away, looked frowningly at the ground; then suddenly wheeled round and walked determinedly off to Henry Legge's door. He went straight up the stairs, and rapped firmly at the door at the top.

"Come in," called Henry. He was sitting up in bed with an astonished air, for he had heard the tap of Ben's leg on the stair.

"Wull, Harry, how be you today?" asked Ben, awkwardly.

"Nicely, thank ye," replied Henry, too much amazed to remember how he was.

"Seed anybody you know?" she inquired.

"Yes, I seed a good few. Market was uncommon full," he answered. "I seed that old rascal, Harry Legge, too, and he chicked me that there, that if he hadn't bin such a antient old man, I'd up'd wi' my stick and het un on the yeast!"

"I don't like you, Ben!" said his wife, hurrying to the door as she heard the tap of his wooden leg in the path. "I didn't like to begin with you; but I be dyin' for a cup o' tea; the dust gets down your throat so when you be cleanin' up."

"I doubts if there be ever much dust in your house to get down your throat, missis!" replied Ben; whereupon Mrs. Creeth flung her head back and laughed triumphantly; then stopped abruptly to call out: "Don't you come in over my clean floor w'll all that dust on ye!"

Ben meekly took the broom and broomed himself, then followed her into the room and seated himself at the table, his rough face beaming as he looked across at her.

"Seed anybody you know?" she inquired.

"Yes, I seed a good few. Market was uncommon full," he answered. "I seed that old rascal, Harry Legge, too, and he chicked me that there, that if he hadn't bin such a antient old man, I'd up'd wi' my stick and het un on the yeast!"

"No, he bain't; not more or nine year; and I be twice the man he be, w'll his apple-pleated complexion and his husky voice, like a sheep w'll the dust down's throat! There he goes now!" he broke off, excitedly, rising up and resting his fists on the table to lean over and watch a figure that passed the window.

"Drot un! The sight o' un spiles my vitals!" he continued, craning his neck.

"What d'y'e look at him fur, then?"

"I can't help seein' un," said Ben, sinking back into his chair. "What call he to come and bide next door to me, I should like to know? I can't do nothing w/out him follellin' me. Coz I drives cattle he takes an' do it, too. Coz I lives here, he comes next door. Why, I can't even hev one leg w/out him havin' one arm. What be laughin' at?"

"I can't help laughin'," said Mrs. Creeth, with an irrepressible chuckle, "you be so foolish! You knows as well as I do, there warn't no other cottage when he come here; and what were he to do w/out only one arm, if he didn't drive?"

"There be lots o' things—" began Ben, argumentatively.

"Well, never mind if there be. Did you see anybody else in town?" said Mrs. Creeth, diverting the conversation into more peaceful channels.

After tea Ben came to the door and stood there smoking his pipe. Henry Legge passed several times, fetching water from the well. He was house cleaning—that is to say, he had cleared all his furniture out into the garden, and was dashing buckets of water over the stone floor of his room.

Next morning, being Sunday, Ben was leaning over the pigsty, watching his pig. A field or two off was a flock of sheep, and the shepherd coming up presently joined Ben. He, too, folded his arms on the rail of the pigsty, and became lost in contemplation of the pig. "Dry 'em when we be havin'," he remarked, after a time.

"Sure, we be havin'," replied Ben. "Good for the sowin'," he continued; "they says: 'A dry Febboary and a wet March—on for the corn, and one for the grass.'"

"Vee, a fine pig," observed the shepherd after a pause.

"Ah! I'll warn't he do take kind to his vitals," said Ben.

"Sure, yes, 'tis a fine pig," repeated the shepherd.

"All my missis' pigs thrives," said Ben with pride.

"Shouldn't a tho't it, to look at ye," came from the distance, where Henry Legge was walking round his part of the garden, ostensibly looking at his gooseberry bushes, but really listening to the conversation.

Ben looked at the shepherd with an expression of contemptuous pity, and tapped his head significantly; which gesture being seen, as it was intended to be, by Henry, he asked angrily: "What be tappin' yer head fur? To see if 'tis holler? I'll warnt is as hollow as a empty beer barrel."

"Well, Harry, how be things wi' you?" inquired the shepherd hastily, wishing

to cause a diversion. He moved up the path as he spoke.

"Oh, pretty fair," replied Henry; "but I've a middling queer customer ashore long. Farmer Hoist's bull, they says, there'll be a regular to-do getting un off."

"Ah, well, take care o' yer toes, Harry, when you gets unearst un!"

"Ah! I'll look pretty lively, I'll warrant. I hev a bin tossed once, but that was a good many year ago now. I lows I wouldn't come down so light now!"

"They say as you should take the bull by the horns."

"Ahi! and they must be pretty near simpletons to say it, too," replied Henry, contemptuously. "If any body wants a lark's journey, free o' cost, they'd better just try it, that's all I've got to say."

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you need when your becomes inactive. It's you get when you take from the *Pellets*; take free from the violence and the griping that come with the ordinary pill. The best medical authorities agree that the bowel's mild movements are preferable. For every derangement of the liver, stomach, and bowel, these tiny sugar coated, and most effective. They go about their work in an easy and natural way, and used their good lasts. Once used, they are always in favor. Being composed of the choicest concentrated vegetable extracts, they cost much more than the other pills. They are in the market, yet from four to forty-four are put up in each sealed glass vial asists, at the price of the

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chinch, "heart-burn,"

the liver, stomach and

intestines. Whether

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carastic, these little

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after dinner. To relieve

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mended as good."

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"I was troubled for years with a sore on my knee, which several physicians, who treated me, called a cancer, assuring me that nothing could be done to save my life. As a last resort, I was induced to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, after taking a number of bottles, the sore



began to disappear and my general health improve. I persisted in this treatment, until the sore was entirely healed. Since then, I use Ayer's Sarsaparilla occasionally as a tonic and blood-purifier, and, indeed, it seems as though I could not keep house without it." —Mrs. S. A. FIELDS, Bloomfield, Ia.

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SAY WE DO
WE DO DO

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What told mischief these

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Perhaps you have a half-formed notion of buying a binder, reaper or mower—and it's not a McCormick.

You decide upon a machine which, you remember, showed up very favorably in a draft test—but you forgot what sort of a "test" it was.

You remember the agent said his machine "is just as good as the McCormick."

You remember the McCormick is a little higher in price—

But you forgot that

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was on hand ready to meet any and all competition in the World's Fair field tests—tests in which all American machines were urged to take part.

You forgot that the machine you think of buying did not obtain its draft figures in these tests with the McCormick—in the same field and under the same conditions.

You forgot that the McCormick is higher priced only because of its higher quality.

Write the McCormick Harvesting Company, Chicago, or call on their local agent.

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SAY WE DO
WE DO DO

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You probably don't care to throw away money.

Why do so by paying full prices for these goods? Look at these prices:

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla..... \$3.67 \$1.00

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Syrup of Plasters..... 78 .50

Camphor Liver Pills..... 13 .25

Allcock's Plasters..... 28 .25

Adamson's Cough Balsam..... 75 1.00

W. & R. H. Smith's Balsam..... 75 1.00

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Alb. Dr. Morris' Remedies..... 95 .25

Atwood's Bitters..... 23 .35

Dr. Morris' Remedies..... 75 1.00

Sal's Sarsaparilla..... 11.00 1.00

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THE LAWRENCE-WILLIAMS CO., Cleveland, O.

The golden wedding anniversary of Rev. Daniel P. Livermore and his wife, Mary A. Livermore, was observed at their residence in Melrose, Mass., Monday.

Base ball has started in with a rush this year, and with crowds past all expectations.

Items of General News.

Charles W. Fish, the champion back rider of the world died at Chicago, Sunday.

All the legal technicalities having been exhausted, Dr. Robert W. Buchanan, the wife murderer, was to be executed yesterday at Sing-Sing, N. Y.

Gov. Greenhage, Massachusetts, has signed a bill relative to the construction of State highways. It appropriates \$400,000.

A "Western zephyr" passed over Jackson, Miss., Wednesday night, unroofing the First National Bank building, and doing a great deal of other damage.

Much destruction prevails on the Labrador coast, and the Dominion government has decided to send a schooner with \$2000 worth of seed grain to the destitute settlers.

It was reported at Pittsfield, Mass., that seems excellent authority, that Ex-President Harrison has leased the handsome residence of Mrs. Thaddeus Clapp, on Wendell Avenue, and will occupy it this summer.

Alfonso F. Cutaria, Jr., a grocer in Philadelphia, Pa., has been arrested for the murder of his aunt, Johanna Logue, 16 years of age. The woman was the wife of James Logue, one of the most notorious burglars in the United States.

A wagon load of nitro-glycerine, containing 700 quarts, exploded three miles from Bluffton, Ind., a few days ago, with a shock that was felt for 40 miles. Will Elmer, the driver, was blown to atoms and the horses and a number of cattle in a field near by were also killed.

The three buildings belonging to the plant of the American Powder Company, situated in a retired spot near the boundary line of Acton and Concord, Mass., were blown up shortly after 9, Friday morning, and five of the employees perished.

A telegram from Deputy United States Marshal Shindler states that about 200 Indians at Langar, near St. Johns, N. D., have burned the homes of the settlers and are making preparations for a strong resistance. The United States marshal has applied to the attorney general for instructions. It is expected that troops will be ordered out.

The treasury receipt at Washington for April was \$24,271,000 or \$8,000,000 less than the expenditures. The deficit for the fiscal year to date is officially stated at \$45,247,000. During the month of April, the gold reserve increased \$65,000, standing now \$101,280,000. The United States notes and treasury notes exchanged for gold during April, \$989,000.

Lieut. Valentine Gallego Gonzales of the government army, was shot to death at Havana, Wednesday, in accordance with the finding of the court martial, because of his having capitulated to the insurgents at Ramon de la Yaguas, Guantánamo district. Gonzales was in command of the fort at Ramon de la Yaguas, and surrendered it to the enemy after a charge by the latter.

Bartholomew Young, aged 57, was knocked down and robbed of a watch and chain on Common St., Lawrence, Mass., Thursday. Later John Dunn and John Mahoney, claiming to have found the watch, were arrested, charged with the offense. The watch was found upon Dunn. Mahoney had previously been arraigned in court for drunkenness and released.

George Coode, the Roxbury, Mass., letter carrier, convicted recently of stealing a letter from the mails, was, on Wednesday, sentenced to three years' imprisonment. A writ of trover was immediately obtained by Coode and the case will go to the Supreme Court at Washington. Coode is an old man, and has been in the service many years.

The British occupation of Corinto has been relinquished, and the Nicaraguan flag now floats there. The flag was saluted by the English with 100 guns, and the salute was returned from the shore.

Gratification is expressed generally at this ending of the trouble. Nicaragua will pay the indemnity in London within the two weeks stipulated, and the remaining terms of the ultimatum will be satisfactorily arranged.

At a meeting of shoe manufacturers of Haverhill, Mass., just held, it was decided to pay 100 per cent, or more, to make the price of the recent heavy advance in leather of 100 per cent, or more, to make the price of shoes for the next sales to accord with the order of things. No definite agreement was reached by the meeting, but the understanding that each manufacturer was at once to take measures to advance his price. Pending more definite action at an adjourned meeting, it is understood that the new price will be 10 or 12 cents per pair higher than present figures.

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Judge Myers of the Federal Court at Leavenworth, Kan., granting the petition of W. E. Johnson of Topeka, who sued Dr. Leslie E. Keeley for \$100,000 damages, rules that Dr. Keeley must make known the ingredients of his bichloride of gold compound. The court holds that the compound is not a property right nor a trade secret, being also unprotected by a patent, and has been in use more than two years; in fact, there is nothing to prevent Dr. Keeley testifying. Johnson alleges he was made a physical wreck by the gold treatment.

The St. Louis and Chicago express on the Chicago and Alton road, was held up by robbers half a mile north of Carlinville, Macoupin county, Ill., Wednesday night. Three men boarded the locomotive and ordered the engineer, Frank Holmes, to hold up the hands. He refused, and the robbers and women and children were driven off.

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